

Promises by prettyboiiharringrove

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Summary:

Steve is constantly laughing in the face of death and it's starting to piss Billy off. He may be a cop but he can only do so much if the feds get involved. Steve swears up and down that it'll be fine but Billy is used to people making promises they can't keep.

Promises

Billy stands in front of Steve, hands balled into fists at his sides, fingernails cutting into his skin as he tries to ground himself. Steve isn't listening, and he's going to lose his goddamn mind. He's so angry, buzzing with the need to scream or break something, preferably both.

Steve Harrington thinks he's untouchable and it's going to be the death of him. Steve has always been ready to die but Billy will never be ready to lose him.

"I said this discussion is over," Steve dismisses him, uses the voice he would with one of his employees, even waves a hand at him, gesturing for him to leave.

"No."

"What did you just say to me?" there's a lingering threat in Steve's tone, one that works on pretty much everyone, even Billy at times. This, however is not one of those times and Steve is entering dangerous territory by even trying to talk down to Billy.

"I said 'no' asshole, and while we're at it, you ever speak to me like that again, I'll burn our fucking house down."

"Billy, this isn't a joke."

"No, it's not so how about you sit the fuck down and listen," Billy barks. "I am not some hooker that reports back to you, or some foot soldier in your war, and I'm sure as hell not some poor fucker down on his luck begging you for help, alright, I'm your goddamn fiancé and if I tell you something is important, you fucking listen."

"I did listen, I just think you're wasting our time," Steve shrugs, stepping closer but looking at his fingernails, seeming like he would rather do anything but bicker with Billy all night. "Come on princess, isn't there a better way to spend our time?"

Steve looks up to smirk only to be pushed full force, stumbling back,

barely able to keep himself upright. Tension, anger, and panic is rolling off Billy in waves. The only thing that keeps Steve from screaming at him is the flicker of fear he sees in Billy's eyes.

"You are so full of shit, y'know that?"

"Billy, you are blowing this way out of proportion. I've got everything under control."

"No Steve, you don't fucking get it !!"

Steve steps forward slowly, approaching Billy with his hands up as if he's cautiously facing a wild beast; honestly, that isn't far off when it came to a frantic Billy Hargrove.

"I do baby, I get it."

"No, you don't. If the feds get involved I can't fucking protect you."

Steve's so tired of this conversation that he doesn't notice Billy's voice break on his words, doesn't notice the way he trembles or bites back tears, both of frustration and terror.

"Don't need you to protect me baby. I was doin' just fine before you came along."

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"Wait baby no —" It's official, Steve Harrington is the dumbest man on the entire planet. What does he mean? The words had slipped out before he could think them through. He did fine before Billy? He didn't even know who he was before Billy. One thing's for sure, Steve will always be an idiot prone to sticking his foot in his mouth.

"What the fuck Steve ?!" Billy looks like he could kill, like if you put a gun in his hand he would kill anyone who came into his line of sight. If Steve wasn't choking on his own big toe he probably would have a smug grin on his face knowing that he would be the only man Billy didn't put a bullet through, even though he's the cause of his anger.

"Honey, you need to calm down."

“Fuck you Harrington, *fuck you !!*”

Wow, ‘Harrington’ that stings. If Steve didn’t realize how badly he had screwed up, how miserable Billy truly felt, that surely clues him in. Still, he can’t help himself from lifting that other foot and trying to test just how good of a gag reflex he has.

“Billy, don’t be dramatic. You’re overreacting.”

“Like hell I am. You did fine without me? So what, you don’t need me now?”

“No baby, of course I need you, that’s not what I meant.” Steve needs Billy in every sense of the word. Last time he had been taken by a rival it wasn’t the scraps of food they threw at him or the murky water he chugged down desperately, it was the idea of coming home to Billy that made sure he woke up every day.

Honestly, after he made it through that, he was surprised anything could scare Billy when it came to Steve getting into trouble.

“No, fuck you Steve !! How can you say shit like that? I need you alright, I fucking need you and if this shit, if—” the words catch in his throat, some more feelings for him to choke on, tears finally spilling, and it hits Steve. Billy isn’t just being a paranoid ass, he’s killing himself with all the what ifs that come with new investigations and prying eyes.

Steve moves to hold Billy, uncaring of the consequences that may come if Billy decides he doesn’t want to be touched. Steve can take whatever Billy wants to throw his way if it means he can ease his worries, provide him some kind of comfort from the oncoming storm.

Billy buries his nose in Steve’s neck, inhaling his cologne, arms wrapping around him, clinging to him as if the second he lets go Steve’s going to float away. He collects himself and then pulls away just enough for his words to be heard instead of mumbled into Steve’s skin.

“If shit hits the fan and I lose you—”

“That’s not gonna happen baby. I’m not going anywhere.”

Billy moves to look up at him, a fierceness in his eyes. He doesn't want Steve to lie to him, to tell him everything's okay if it really isn't. Steve still tries to protect Billy from his work and it drives him insane to know that what Steve's hiding from him is probably all the things that could affect the two of them the most. He doesn't like his own future being hidden from him.

"Don't make promises you can't keep," he growls, grip tightening. He'll stay like this forever if it means not losing Steve. He will die in this spot clinging to his lover and he will be happy, but he knows that could never happen. Steve has an empire to run and Billy has the responsibilities that come with keeping up appearances, so he swallows hard and just hopes that Steve will listen to him just this once.

"Come on sweetheart, I'm not going anywhere."

"Fuck you."

"C'mere," Steve sighs, moving to press a gentle kiss to his lover's lips. Billy at least stops trembling when Steve's lips meet his in a feather light touch, some tension finally draining out of him, grounded by being in Steve's arms.

"Just tell me you'll be careful."

"I'm always careful baby."

"Liar."

"Alright, I'll try for you, how 'bout that?"

Billy nods, resting his head on Steve's shoulder and nuzzling his neck.

"I'm scared Stevie," the words are barely more than a whisper; Steve's lucky he can even hear him over the small fan running in the corner of his office.

"I know, but I'm gonna be fine, we're gonna be fine. I'll always come home to you."

"Yeah, but I need you to come home breathing, dumbass."

“I will baby.”

‘Don’t make promises you can’t keep’ lingers in the air. Billy holds his breath, a subconscious action that he foolishly hopes might stop time. He releases a shaky breath after a few moments, trying to move even closer to Steve, thinking that maybe if he tries hard enough they can become one and then Steve will never be able to leave him.

“You promise?”

“Promise.”

“Love you Stevie.”

“Yeah, me too baby, *always*.”